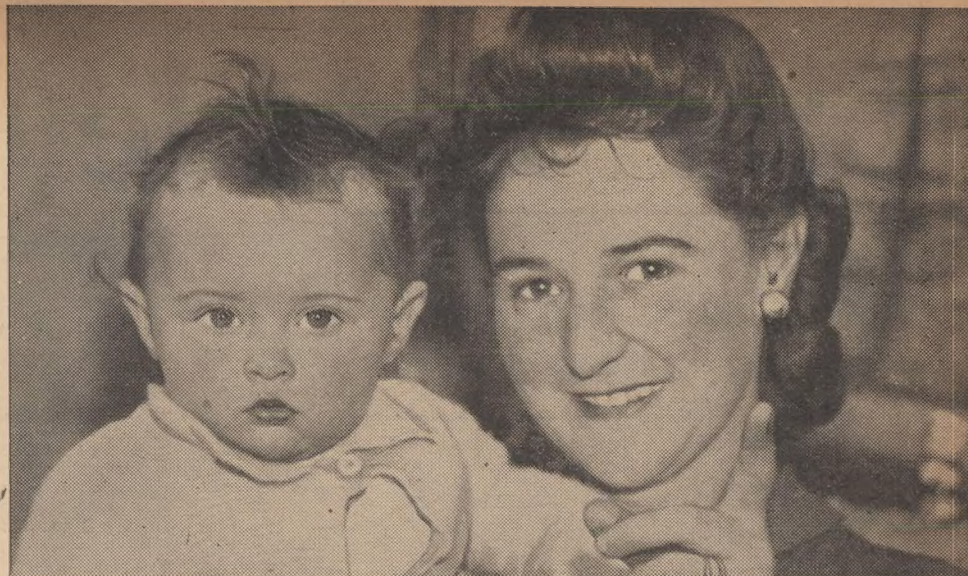


Good Morning 648

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

This is
Patricia
O.S. Pat
Mansfield



W. H. MILLIER concludes his story of a splendid failure

Hunger is Best Friend to Would-be Champs

I HAVE outlined the efforts that were made with the idea of trying to find out whether there was any underlying truth in the old tag which says that champions are born, not made. At the same period in which Johnny Sullivan was being fostered in the attempt to make him into an outstanding champion, there was another young boxer steadily carving out a career for himself without any great assistance from outside.

I cannot say that I, or any of my friends, realised at the time that here was the other side of the picture, if only it could have been seen in that light. This other young boxer about the same age as Sullivan, and, in his early years, with much the same style and ability, was none other than Len Harvey.

For Harvey, it was a grim struggle in those early days. He learned in the hard school of experience, and he had to fight to live. He had no influential friends to help him along and give him the best advice. It was not until he had begun to reveal himself as a

potential champion that he was given any assistance, and then he came under the management of Dan Sullivan, who, as manager of The Ring, at Blackfriars, was able to provide his protegee with plenty of engagements.

Even so, it is almost certain that Harvey's career would have been just as successful, or, if you prefer it, with which they are born. In fact, there were several instances in which Harvey's manager, in my view, jeopardised his man's career by ill-advised action but, I repeat, that is only my personal point of view.

It was all in good faith, of course, but Dan Sullivan was so keen for Harvey to win a championship title that he kept him down in weight when, had he taken the long view, he should have allowed him to build up his physique and fight in a higher weight division. He was kept in the welter-weight class for much longer than he should have been, and, later, the same thing happened when he was boxing as a middle-weight.

It was just as harmful as the compulsory wasting which undermines the health of so many of our jockeys. I believe that Harvey would have been a bigger heavy-weight but for this. At his best he was never really a full heavy-weight (he could always make the cruiser-weight poundage) although he succeeded well, as it turned out.

Against this it can be said that he stayed on to what amounts to a ripe old age for an active champion, and I will refrain from stressing the undue poverty of the opposition.

As the careers of Len Harvey and Johnny Sullivan ran on parallel lines up to the time when Harvey shot ahead and Sullivan left the ring, it was almost inevitable that the pair should meet. The match aroused quite a lot of interest, but nobody could have foreseen the furore created as a result of the decision given at the end of the fight.

The contest ran much on the lines expected by those able to judge. As they were so closely matched there was rather more defensive boxing on both sides than the ordinary fight follower wishes to see, because it is apt to be less exciting. This is generally the case with two well-matched rivals. It also means that the contest is never easy to judge, and, whichever way the decision goes, the referee is sure to displease somebody.

The referee for this contest was Joe Palmer, probably the most experienced official available. He gave the verdict to Sullivan on points, and that started a howl, which echoed and re-echoed for weeks on end.

Dan Sullivan, Harvey's manager, lodged a protest with the Board of Control, and there was an inquiry into all the circumstances.

At this distant date it is no purpose of mine to re-open that inquest, but I will say that the referee had my sympathy, because I knew from personal experience how difficult it was for the average crowd to be able to follow all the intricate moves between two highly skilled boxers who were not conceding the proverbial inch.

What the crowd so very largely forgets is that points must be awarded for skill in

defence as well as for attack. Sullivan was at this stage quite as skilful in defence as his opponent, and this is saying a lot, because, later, Harvey developed into one of the cleverest defensive boxers this country has seen.

I had an even more striking experience when refereeing a contest in which Sullivan was

his years (may they be many) in comfort.

When he first came to London I asked him what made him take up boxing for a living, and he answered promptly, "To keep me from being hungry." Harvey, by the way, was born at Helston, in Cornwall, the birthplace of Bob Fitzsimmons. Harvey was not made into a champion by anyone but himself. If there is such a thing as a "born champion," then surely Harvey deserves that title.

The instance I have quoted in the failure to make a champion of Johnny Sullivan is not put forward as conclusive proof that such a thing is impossible. It is quite possible that Sullivan might have done better and have succeeded in becoming as great a champion as Harvey if he had been forced to fight, in the first instance, for his bread and butter.

Who knows? I don't; so I had better leave it to you to form your own conclusions.



"But you said 'Put the cat out'!"

engaged, and as it is a story against myself, I may tell it later on.

Harvey and Sullivan did not meet again until two and a half years later, by which time Harvey had improved to a marked extent.

This time he adopted a more aggressive attitude, and made no mistake about the right method, with the result that the towel was thrown in from Sullivan's corner in the sixth round. Their first fight had been one of twenty rounds, and went the full distance.

As you might expect, the people who yelled loudest in saying that Harvey had been robbed in his first contest with Sullivan, cited the result of this second meeting as positive proof that they were right in their contention; but this does not necessarily follow. Had the pair met again within a month or so of that controversial decision the result would certainly not have been so clear-cut.

In due course, Harvey parted company with his manager, and thereafter transacted his own business in a very capable manner. That he reached the position of Britain's leading champion, and held it successfully for so long a period is in itself ample testimony to his skill.

He was never at any time unduly favoured by fortune, and he has only himself to thank for his present state of well-being. He has taken care of his ring earnings, and is well able to live the remainder of

INTRODUCING Baby Patricia, complete with curl and rosy cheeks, to O.S. Patrick Mansfield.

When we called at your home at 18 Lynn Street, Blyth, Northumberland, we found baby Pat outside in her pram enjoying a bask in the sun, and (sorry to mention it) about to throw her pet puppy Micky out of the pram: this, however, was foiled when your wife, Peggy, arrived at the front door.

Your wife is anxious for you to see your baby daughter. Believe us, you will be proud of her, O.S. Mansfield.

Mrs. Dempster, a neighbour, calls regularly to see your wife and baby daughter. She called while we were there. She sends her best wishes.

Your mail is arriving O.K. Peggy hopes you are getting her letters.

Your wife had a letter from your young brother Michael. He has just recovered from an illness and is doing fine now.

All send their fondest love, not forgetting Micky, the pet puppy.

Here's Some Home Town Gossip

MANY stories are being told about the late Earl Lloyd George, whose passing has stirred the memory of many of his old political colleagues.

One story he often told against himself. During the height of the Disestablishment of the Church campaign he was addressing a meeting in North Wales. His chairman, a local celebrity, noted for his fiery nature, decided to introduce the great little man in English in which he was not very proficient.

"Last week," said the chairman, "you had the Bishop of St. Asaph addressing you in this hall. Now let me tell you the Bishop of St. Asaph is the biggest liar in North Wales, but thank God we have got his equal here to-night."

L.G. was a masterpiece in dealing with hecklers. At one meeting a man who had taken too many pints interrupted him as he commenced, "I am here."

"So am I," shouted the heckler. Like a shot came the retort, "Yes, but you are not all there."

On another occasion he declared "We will have Home rule for Ireland, for England, for Scotland and for Wales."

"And for Hell," shouted someone.

"Quite right," retorted Lloyd George. "I like to hear a man stand up for his own country."

WALE'S POCKET GENERAL.

WALE'S is proud of 5 ft. 1 in. Major-General T. Wynford Rees, commander of the "Dagger" Division in Mandalay. He is an old Barry (Glamorgan) boy. Barry has

just sent out a message of greeting on his latest successes.

The General's father, the late Rev. T. M. Rees, was a Baptist minister in the town and during his ministry was responsible for building Salem Church, one of the best known Baptist Churches in East Glamorgan.

General Rees is the youngest of his three boys. The family went to Barry from Holyhead, N. Wales, and returned there after the father had built the Church.

£5 NOTES.

BERGAVENNY has decided to raise a fund of £10,000 to provide a welcome home for all the men and women of the town now in the Forces and to provide them with a £5 note each and some tangible token. About 1,200 from the town are in the Forces.

SKITTLES FEAT.

WHAT is the best score you know in skittles? One is recalled at Park Conservative Alley in Cardiff, where an old timer, Bill Chedzey, playing against Canton Cons., hit up a score of 40 pins in five rolls, knocking down eight pins in each roll, five eights in succession.

That was the best score known in the district until he beat it himself with 43 pins in a five-roll match against Mackintosh.

But it has been capped by Mr. Will Bevan, the well-known boxing ref., who still holds a fine record, having knocked 49 pins in 5 rolls.



Ballroom Memories for Sto. Meiklejohn

WE called at the home of your girl friend Miss Anne Rogers, Sto. David Meiklejohn, at 25, Columbia Terrace, Blyth (Northumberland). When we arrived we were told by her mother that she had just gone to the post office to post a letter for you, so we went inside and waited for her return.

Anne sends all her love and hopes you can get home soon as she has had word that she is likely to be called up for the A.T.S.

The Roxy Ballroom, in Blyth, will no doubt bring back happy memories for you, Sto. Meiklejohn. Remember that's where you met Anne. She is looking forward to going there with you on your next leave.

She is in the best of health and still puts in here eight hours a day at Carricks, the drapers in Blyth, where she works.

One thing more. Don't forget to tip our photographer when the wedding is to be.

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish... BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address:

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Profile on the Map

Concluding GEORGIA'S RULING By O. HENRY

THE chief clerk now brought in a batch of duplicate certificates for the Commissioner to sign. As he traced his sprawling signature, "Hollis Summerfield, Comr. Genl. Land Office," on each side, the chief clerk stood, deftly removing them and applying the blotter.

"I notice," said the chief clerk, "you've been going through that Salado County location. Kampfer is making a new map of Salado, and I believe is platting in that section of the county now."

"I will see it," said the Commissioner. A few moments later he went to the draughtsman's room. As he entered he saw five or six of the draughtsmen grouped about Kampfer's desk, gawking away at each other in pectoral German, and gazing at something thereupon. At the Commissioner's approach they scattered to their several places. Kampfer, a wizened little German, with long, frizzled ringlets and a watery eye, began to stammer forth some sort of an apology, the Commissioner thought, for the congregation of his fellows about his desk.

"Never mind," said the Commissioner. "I wish to see the map you are making"; and, passing around the old German, seated himself upon the high draughtsman's stool. Kampfer continued to break English in trying to explain.

"Herr Commissioner, I assure you plenty sat I haf not it bremeditated—sat it wass—sat it itself make. Look you! from se field notes wass it blatted—blease to observe se calls: South, 10 degrees west, 1,050 varas; south, 10 degrees east 300 varas; south, 100; south, 9 west, 200; south, 40 degrees west 400—and so on. Herr Commissioner, nefer would I have—"

The Commissioner raised one white hand, silently. Kampfer dropped his pipe and fled.

With a hand at each side of his face, and his elbows resting upon the desk, the Commis-

sioner sat staring at the map which was spread and fastened there—staring at the sweet and living profile of little Georgia drawn thereupon—at her face, pensive, delicate, and infantile, outlined in a perfect likeness.

When his mind at length came to inquire into the reason of it he saw that it must have been, as Kampfer had said, unpremeditated. The old draughtsman had been platting in the Elias Denny survey, and Georgia's likeness, striking though it was, was formed by nothing more than the meanders of Chiquito River. Indeed, Kampfer's blotter, whereon his preliminary work was done, showed the laborious tracings of the calls and the countless pricks of the compasses. Then, over his faint pencilling, Kampfer had drawn in India ink with a full, firm pen the similitude of Chiquito River, and forth had blossomed mysteriously the dainty, pathetic profile of the child.

The Commissioner sat for

half an hour with his face in his hands, gazing downward, and none dared approach him. Then he arose and walked out. In the business office he paused long enough to ask that the Denny file be brought to his desk.

He found Hamlin and Avery still reclining in their chairs, apparently oblivious of business. They were lazily discussing summer opera, it being their habit—perhaps their pride also—to appear supernaturally indifferent when-

ever they stood with large interests imperilled. And they stood to win more on this stake than most people knew. They possessed inside information to the effect that a new railroad would, within a year, split this very Chiquito River valley and send land values ballooning all along its route. A dollar under thirty thousand profit on this location, if it should hold good, would be a loss to their expectations. So, while they chatted lightly and waited for the Commissioner to open the subject, there was a quick, sideling sparkle in their eyes, evincing a desire to read their title clear to those

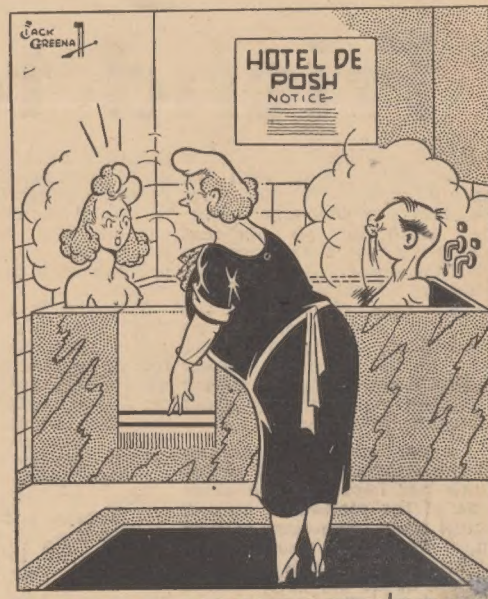
fair acres on the Chiquito. A clerk brought in the file. The Commissioner seated himself and wrote upon it in red ink. Then he rose to his feet and stood for a while looking straight out of the window. The Land Office capped the summit of a bold hill. The eyes of the Commissioner passed over the roofs of many houses set in a packing of deep green, the whole checkered by strips of blinding white streets.

The horizon, where his gaze was focused, swelled to a fair wooded eminence flecked with faint dots of shining white. (Continued on Page 3)

JOKE CORNER



"Crikey! I never heard of a sleep-walker running before!"



"BUT MY HUSBAND IS LIKE THAT, MISS WEATHERBY! IF HE SAYS HE'LL HAVE HIS BATH AT EIGHT, AT EIGHT HE'LL HAVE IT"

QUIZ for today

1. An earling is a boy less than seven years old, a young shoot from a tree, a new-born lamb, a slave?
2. Who was known as "Woodbine Willie"?
3. In what county do people's names most commonly begin with Tre-, Pol-, or Pen-?
4. How many cubic feet is a Standard of timber?

5. When did British convicts cease to wear broad arrows on their clothes?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?
9, 25, 49, 14, 4, 16, 36 64,

Answers to Quiz in No. 647

1. Young salmon.
2. Oliver Cromwell.
3. Wiltshire.
4. (a) In accordance with the principles of ethics, (b) a kind of fungus.
5. 51.
6. Dinosaur is not applicable to elephants; other terms are-

SOCCER SHORTS

WE have been having some good old chats with Tom Bentley, the international football referee, and we thought it would be a pity if you submariner blokes could not share in them, too.

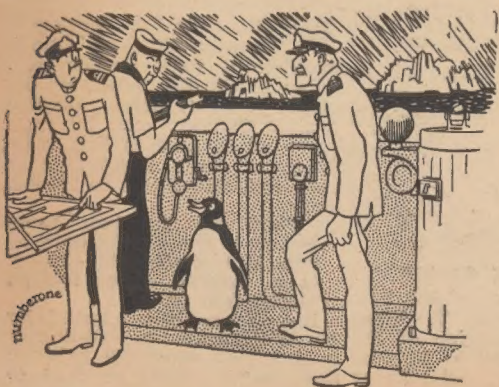
So that is why we are giving you the following football paragraphs. You see, Tom is a man on the "inside" of the soccer world, and he usually gets the "gen" all right.

THE hoary old question, "When is a footballer too old?" never seems to get enough whiskers on it. But here is a pointer—Matt Busby, who was "shelved" some time ago, has been recalled to captain Scotland.

REFEREE Tom Bentley was having a chat the other day with one of the Big White Chiefs of football about some of the old soccer stars, who do not shine like they used to, but who still play a good game.

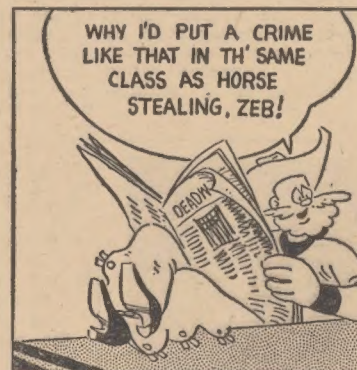
What's the difference between big stars and little stars? Well, that's a question that is best answered individually, but there's a controversy in the football world at the moment about whether the big stars should be paid more than the little stars.

Tom tells us that he doesn't think the big ones can scintillate without the little ones. That's his opinion. What do you chaps think?



"Well—next time you're not sure—ASK!"

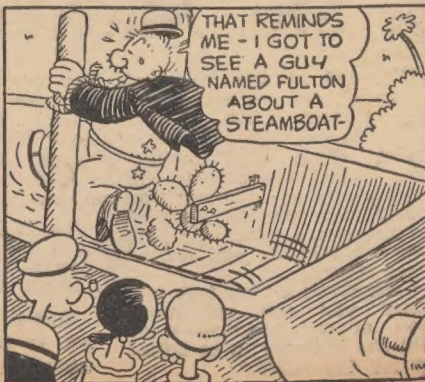
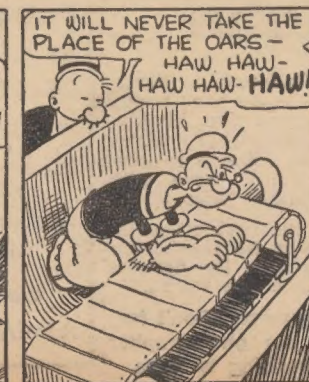
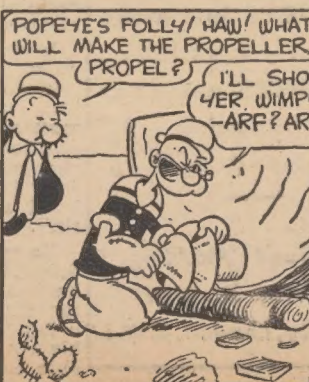
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 587

1. Behead a grouse and get a noise.
2. In the following two short proverbs, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. See if you can disentangle them: **Nemoy wrope si mite longedkew si.**
3. What girl's name has DI for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **Harry's dog is a miserable cur; I believe he — the poor —.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 586

1. B-oat.
2. It takes all sorts to make a world.
3. GeneVieve.
4. Stone, notes.

JANE



RUGGLES



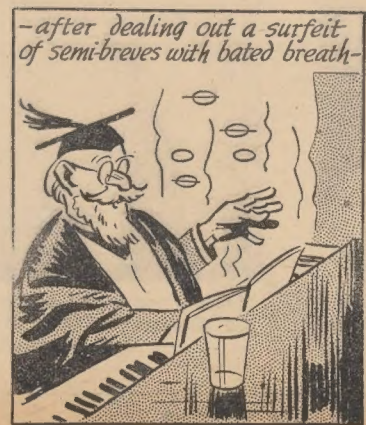
GARTH



JUST JAKE



Gad!—Bless my belted forefathers—yes, that was a torrid titter!—The Professor always brought the School Concert to a close with a few fruity fireworks on the piano—



about "something good for a whole lot of children," and the result ought to be called "Georgia's Ruling."

THE END

ALEX CRACKS

An Irishman defined a net as "holes tied together by strings."

Mrs. Huggins was visiting her butcher. It was the first time she had patronised his shop for several weeks, owing to a certain dispute which had arisen between them.

"I want a pound of steak," she said. "And mind it's one that we can get our teeth into."

The butcher nodded.

"I shan't forget that last bit in a hurry," she continued. "It was so tough that I could have soled and heeled my husband's boots with it."

"Then why didn't you?" snapped the butcher.

"I would have done," she retorted, "if I could have got the tacks to go through it."

Very Hot Air

Jap planes are getting good. According to America's "Popular Science Monthly," several Jap types are better than similar U.S. types. On the average, though, Allies still hold unquestioned air superiority. Jap Torpedo-bomber, Jill (U.S. code name) called by the Japs the Nakajima Navy 2 Tenzan, is capable of over 300 m.p.h. Excellent for this type. Reconnaissance plane, Myrt (Nakajima Saiun) can do 390 m.p.h. At least two Jap fighters can exceed 400 m.p.h.—Jack II, a Navy Interceptor, and Frank I.

But experts agree Jap planes are still under-armed, inadequately armoured, and have inferior control at high speeds.

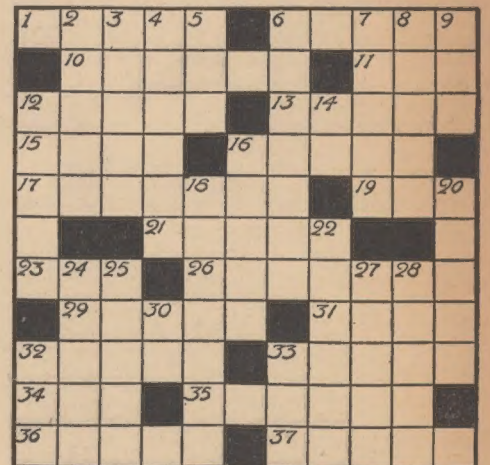
Mass production of flying bombs (the German FZG-76 type) is in full swing at Republic Aviation Corp., U.S.A. They'll be used against the Japs.

First Allied jet fighter to go into action against the enemy is the twin-engined Gloster Meteor, now in service with the R.A.F. Second Tactical Air Force. Also propelled by recoil drive is the Bell XP59a trainer, the Gloster E28/39 (first British turbine jet aircraft), the Lockheed P.80, Shooting Star, and De Havilland's new jet fighter, whose name hasn't yet passed the Censor.

Peter Vincent

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SIFTED POSE
KNEE ROUGHS
IDLE INLET
NIL AWE EWE
GYMNASTS E
SO ADIEU PM
T PROVENCE
USE RED HEM
FLAIR FILE
FISCAL ANEW
SPEY ORDERS



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Bumpkins. 6 Rogue. 10 Mistakes. 11 Marsh. 12 Headstrong. 13 Salt-petre. 15 Bad. 16 Cloyed. 17 Part of horse's leg. 19 Bone. 21 Weapon. 23 Coarse stone. 26 Opens. 29 Dress material. 31 Chafe. 32 French "county." 33 Sorting utensil. 34 Equip. 35 Shade of meaning. 36 Dozed. 37 Jaded.

CLUES DOWN.—2 Permission. 3 Curved course. 4 Plant-rows. 5 Heavy. 6 South Sea Islanders. 7 Lafer. 8 Composer of "Il Trovatore." 9 Compass point. 12 Allude. 14 The thing. 16 Part of play. 18 Rich. 20 Thrash. 22 Clarify. 24 Benefit. 25 Surfeit. 27 Palm. 28 Prize. 30 A member of. 32 Woman's title. 33 Observed.

Good Morning

Just what the cameraman was doing crawling about on the ground when he took this shot of Jane Wyman escapes us. Suppose it's what they call a "worm's-eye" view!



PROBLEM PICTURE

Is the dog trying to save his young master from the clutches of the Demon Rum? Is he reluctant to enter this particular boozier in case the Guv'nor gives him one of those awful Arrowroot biscuits? Or does he happen to know they're out of Guinness? Your guess is as good as ours!



The New Inn in Northgate Street, Gloucester, is one of the few inns left in this country with the old pilgrim gallery running round the courtyard. Of course, there are still plenty of inns left with the old gaffers running round the barmaid.



The Human Pekinese or the South coast Natal native. The hair is matted with a mixture of grease and red mud, and is a sign that the wearer is married.



All a Basuto woman needs to feel well dressed is a blanket. She drapes it round her shoulders and wraps herself in the folds. Blanket-changing day must be quite something!



"Gave me quite a turn, it did, when all unexpected I came across that bed of mint."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Gave me quite a turn when I saw rabbit-pie on the menu."

